

Regions Of May

Pearls Before Swine

The past
Is broken like an hourglass
And the scattered sand
Of circumstance
Is blinding
Me to you

The rain
Is whispering to my window pane
And drawing
Crazy patterns
On the blind

Your face
Is invading the portals of my eyes
And drawing
Crazy patterns
On my mind

Who created mist
Created your smile
And who created rainbows
Created you

My mind
Is all entwined
In fragrant fields of flowers
And the scent
Puts me outside my mind

The past
The rain
Your face, mist and rainbows
Flowers
And the rain
Are you